

And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drinnes out fire, so pittie, pittie
Hath done this deed on *Cesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.
Cassius. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Brutus. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did loue *Cesar* when I brooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in loue, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did loue thee *Cesar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greue thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethree.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cassius. *Mark Antony*.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Cesar*, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising *Cesar* so,
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from this point, by looking downe on *Cesar*.
Friends are I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Cesar* was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreover sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Brutus. You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cassius. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Brutus. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cesar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Cesar* shall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Brutus. *Marke Antony*, heere take you *Cesar*'s body:
You shall not in your Funerall speach blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of *Cesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speach is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt*.

Marke Antony.
O pardon me, thou bleeding peeces of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Cesar*'s Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confinnes, with a Menarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Seruant.

You serue *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Cesar* did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O *Cesar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Palsion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in mine,
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
Hit hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,

Thou

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pl. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.
Brutus. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Cesar*'s death.

1. *Pl.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.
2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When featurally we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Brutus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my
cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for
mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedome, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee
any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cesar*'s, to him
I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Ce-*
sar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Cesar* lesse, but
that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cesar* were li-
uing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Cesar* were dead, to
liue all Free-men? As *Cesar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him;
as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I
honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There
is Teares, for his Loue: Loy, for his Fortune: Honor, for
his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere
so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him
haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not
be a Roman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who
is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,
speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no
more to *Cesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questio-
n of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not
extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
fore'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the Common wealth, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my
best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dag-
ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Countrey to need
my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.
2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Cesar*.
4. *Cesar*'s better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'll bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Brutus. My Countrey-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes;

1. Peace ho.

Brutus. Good Countrey-men, let me depart alone,

And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:

Do grace to *Cesar*'s Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cesar*'s Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke. *Exit*

1. Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3. Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,

Wee'll heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4. What does he say of *Brutus*?

3. He sayes, for *Brutus* sake

He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4. 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1. This *Cesar* was a Tyrant.

3. Nay that's certaine:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2. Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hee, let vs heare him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrey-men, lend me your eares:

I come to bury *Cesar*, not to praise him:

The euill that men do, liues after them;

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Cesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cesar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greuous Fault,

And greuously hath *Cesar* answer'd it.

Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Cesar*'s Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:

Did this in *Cesar* seeme Ambitious?

When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cesar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disproue what *Brutus* spoke,

But heere I am, to speake what I do know;

You all did loue him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?

O Iudgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cesar*,

And I must pause, till it come backe to me.

1. Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cesar ha's had great wrong.

3. Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in

(his place,
4. *Marke*